BY ETHEL EARL.

"Thank you, Miss Fawcett, that will do Now Dr. James and I are going to consider about you, and then tell your mother how she as to help you to get well again."

There were four people in the room: Sir William Parton, the great doctor, his confrere," Br. James, with whom he was met in consultation, Mrs. Fawcett, and the patient, her only daughter, Helen Fawcett, a girl of 21. The girl looked up nervously, inquisitively, with a tremulous fear in her face and voice.

"Am I-am I-very ill?" Sir William looked at her face, at the shining eves with the diluted pupils, the quivering, sensitive mouth, then he took both hands in his, with a pity, which he did not show, in his

"Not so ill as you might be, my child; but when we have finished our talk, and are going to tell Mrs. Faweett how to take care of you and prevent your doing yourself harm, we mustn't have you listening, for you are nervous enough to fancy you have every illness under the sun.

"Then I shall get well-soon," "You must do as you are told then," answered Sir William lightly, as he left the room. Keen observer as he was, he did not notice how a more terrible fear had grown in the girl's eyes as she found he avoided direct answers. She saw, if the truth were bad, it was no use to try and force it from between those thin lips if their owner deemed it better concealed. She and her mother sat silent in suspense, as though each dreaded to hear the other speak; but when Mrs. Fawcett had been summoned to join the doctors, Helen burst out wildly to herself, "They are deceiving me, I know they think I shall die. Oh, God, I can't, I can't!

She sat in that sickening, terrible dread, with her hands pressed tensely against her forehead. The moments seemed to drag out their slow length like hours; still she could bear it no longer. The resolve "I will know" was fierce in her heart; she stole softly to the smaller drawing room on the other side of the staircase-the room opened into the boudoir where she knew her mother and the doctors were, and was screened from it by a beavy velvet curtain, through which Helen could hear-her mother's sobs, passionate and uncontrolled, and in them the girl knew her doom; but with the wild terror and anguish within her, there awoke a more pitcous sorrow for her mother's grief, a love-oh, how dear! how near !- for that mother who must lose her,

"No hope?" she heard Mrs. Fawcett ask in a broken, imploring tone, then Sir William's

"I wish I could give it you, but the disease is so far advanced—she may live a little longer, some prophesied much when he should have how very slight she was, how thin the hand e shorter period than I expect." There was a silence in the room, a deathlike silence in the girl's heart as she listened; at

"How long can she live?" "A few mouths—six or eight, perhaps. Mrs. Fawcett, if you know how I feel for you, you would not think me cruel; you must know the truth-if you wish to keep that poor girl with

you as long as possible, she must not know ityou must keep her mind quiet and happy. Do you think you can?" A faint sub that meant "Yes." "And don't drag her from home; it can do no good-all the Madeiras or Egypts in the world won't save her, but quietness and freedom from

"But she has hardly any cough," sobbed Mrs. Fawcett. "And people do live with consumption for years and years-I can't lose her -they do live."

is why she must not know,"

"Not in cases like hers-I wish I could may

Helen heard no more; the impulse to comfort her mother with the sad comfort of clinging as had been proved to her cost once or twice. should yield to it if she staid. There seemed to be two licious in her; the girl who felt the chill shadows of the valley of death closing round the life which had been so dear and fair, and the girl whose impulse was to help the mother who had no husband to help her bear her grief; whose only daughter she was.

What would she do without her-with no girl left, only the boys; one wrapped up in his wife and two children, the other away in India? Helen knew her less would break ber mother's life; did she realize that the bitterness of death would have been yet worse had she thought her dying would be no enduring pain

She cropt away silently. She met a servant on the staircase; her voice sounded strange and hollow to berself as she said:

"Tell mamma, when the doctors have gone, that I are so tired I have gone to lie down." Then she went up to her room and locked herself in; as she turned round she saw her face in the glass with a wild hopelessness in it. How ghastly it was, this face of a girl who had to die! She hid it in her hands, afraid to meet its look, and a doil stupor came over her-she was no louger able to realize this stern fate which faced her, vailed, yet real.

At last she roused herself; one thing was certain; ber mother must not guess that she knew this. Their last months together-at all events till the end drew very near-must be as happy, or rather as calm, as they could be. And Helen felt that she could bear the darkness better alone, this strange darkness that had sudde dy united the world. She feared even her mother's sympathy and sorrow; what help or bealing could avail her?

There was only one help she yearned for, one band, the touch of which could have made ber brave; one voice, a loving tone of which could

though to draw life from it through her eyes, | tended, so the beginning of October found her and then she kissed it wildly, closely pressing and her mother once more in town. Helen had her poor dry lips against the cold glass, then | grown worse during the Autumn mouths; the when she slept; she had looked at it so often | herald of "death's pale flag," hid, even from finest line of the pictured face of this photo- far thinner, more restless, and more irritable graph, offered carclessly, accepted apparently | than was her wont, and often, though not alcett to be the whole meaning of her life.

its place, and opened the door to her mother. her thoughts by day. To die and be forgotten! fit for such treasure. If she had, he had been Mrs. Passecut's voice trembled very slightly, The pain of the thought was as keen as ever; a fool; an impulse seized him to seek her and but she acted well as she said :

guite well again."

"Quite well," said Holen, "Really, mamma?" | past. quicker than any doctor would; I always gould, you know."

The girl least her head on her mother's

Both women kept the bitter ascret to themselves - with a self-repression which Helen had inherited from Mrs. Fawcett; and the latter never knew of the times when Helen-after feeling, as life went on as usual, that the words she had heard were a horrible dream-would were true. She bore her pain silently, lest her mother should guess she shared the knowledge feel so much better and stronger I want to be girl's face had grown strange of late even to which made Mrs. Fawcett's life move on with | gay." a dreary nurcality. It was nearly the end of July, the season was over, and once or twice | alarmed. Helen smiled sadly and bitterly to think how different the world had scomed to her in the Spring. Before she had known the meaning of the alterente fever and languor, which had wish you would ask one or two people to dingrown on her is her own despite and her reso | ner on my birthday, next week." lute determination to take no head of them; had grown on her till her mother had insisted on her seeing doctors, to learn that what she was acute consumption, tubercular phthisis.

-especially that of a certain set. True, she | shall, you are curing me so fast." Woman's had developed into more attractiveness than she had promised in early childhood; despite and she was pleasant to look at, though neither beautiful nor pretty. The figure was slender, graceful, and delicate; the face, not very regular, was yet sweet with its tender, true

mouth and lustrous hazel eyes. Three or four days after the consultation carriage. They were stopping in front of a Beatoun."
shop in Bond street, and just as Mrs. Fawcett "I don't was re-cotering the victoria a young man | Fawcott, but she wrote the note. passing lifted his hat, then stopped and shook hands warmly.

"I thought you had left town," he said; "so

"We are thinking of going somewhere "Have you not been well?" he asked, turnng to Helen. "You don't look ill"-his voice He was right; the girl did not look ill; ber cheeks and lips had gained color, her eyes were deep and beautiful with a melancholy subdued into pathos as, despite her struggle, their gaze rested on his face.

"I am much better than I was," she saidshe spoke of the present moment, which she had longed and hungered for, and yet which was slipping away so fast.

"No, I remember now," said Paul Beatonn, "I have not met you out lately. I hope you

have not been very ill." How his voice touched her!-unconsciously warm and real, even if only momentary, of the she knew so well, yet which ever seemed to the boudoir followed by Paul. hold a dearer secret of beauty when her eyes again beheld it. It had never meant so much to her as it did at that moment, a vision of all | fine." fe would be to some other weman. It might have been hers if --- No, he never had cared, passed through her mind as her mother an- marble, swered Mr. Beatonn's inquiry:

"Oh, no! She will be all right soon." A few more words, then he held out his hand. "Well," he said, "it is good-by for some time, I sappose-till the Winter." "Yes," said Helen. "Till the Winter, good-

She longed that her mother should ask Paul Beatoun to come and see them before they left carned his own power. Mrs. Fawcett liked | which rested on a dark clarct velvet table, him, but just now he had no interest for her; last her mother spoke again, her voice kept more is her own room alone, she paced restlessly up and down in misery. "Good-by till the Winter." Had it meant "good-by for ever?"-that the touch of his hand, which still staid with her, which made her treasure the glove she had then worn, was the last she should ever feel?

They were hardly friends, at all events not great ones, she and Mr. Beatoun. Most likely he never gave her a thought unless they were in the same room, not very often then; but all her life had grown to be the thought of him; sleeping or waking, even when she thought she | you not?" was dwelling on other people or things, "his trouble may give her a few weeks more—that atrong idea" possessed her entirely, passion- | how little life remained to her. ately, as it had done these two years. If Mrs. Fawcett gave a dinner or dance to which be was asked, Helen spent the time till his answer came in a sickening suspense, and then tried, even if he accepted, to school herself into the belief he would not come, so as to prevent the disappointment, if he did not, being cruelly sharp-a self-discipline utterly without effect,

> "As naked As a corone without the stones,

Yet in spite of this folly, madness-whatover you will-ruling her life, she knew Paul Beatoun could never guess what he was to her, or the strange intensity of emotion which possessed her in his presence, from her quiet manuer. She had not the instinct of allurement belonging to many women, by which, without unmaidenliness or lack of refinement, they can, as by magnetism, draw the man they wish to win to their sides; she felt and owned the lack in herself, though she could not have defined it. Her love made her shy, almost cold, in her manner to Paul Bestoun; sometimes, indeed, she felt less nervous, but then a frank friendliness, which seemed strange to

herself, was all that appeared. Here was the bitterness of death, the knowledge which lent the sharpest pang to its nearness. He would not forget her, for she would never be to him even a memory. If she had ever held any vague, dear hope, too sweet to lay hare, even to her own gaze, that was dead now. Helen knew that when she died Paul Beatoun would be rather shocked, would say, or think, "Poor thing!" and perhaps sigh, The French verse she had read years ago rang itterly now in her cars:

Au banquet de la vie, infortune convive, J'apparus un jour, et jo meurs; Je mears, et sur um tembe, ou lentement j'ar-

Nul ne viendra verser des plaurs." Oh! she wanted no one but him to remember

Through the golden Autumn days, as her strength slowly burned out in that restless have given her courage, even if they had fever which was consuming her life, the longtrebled her sense of passionate loss of sweet | ing and aching to see him grew worse and worse. She did not know where he was or what As she thought this, she opened her locked | he did, and the feeling that she should be dressing-case and took therefrom a framed plus- nearer hearing of him in London, made her tograph; for one minute she looked at it at | crave to return there sooner than had been in-The girl did not know how long she had sat left her, though it returned at times, but still wo

loving to chest herself in deceiving the child stronly, and dwelling longer with her as Au- the dearest treasure of her life, and that she who was as dear to her. "I mean to cure you tumn crept on to Winter, and she grew weaker. | would have answered with Donatello when if I did it, and I know I have so little time." breast and felt the almost convulsive closeness | ber day - for the last few days one of those | heart, for you are in the midst of it." of her clump with a strange throb half of self- strange revivals of vitality, which all know of compassion, half of pity, for the tender, brave in cases like bers, had made poor Mrs. Faw- suddenly and rapidly and she nerved herself love which was so anxious at all cost to shield cett hope against hope that her darling was to the accomplishment of her wish, feeling its object from pain, yet so helpless in the face | really better; given back to her, perhaps, from | that any day might find her without the power the grave, and there was a glad tone in her | to carry it out unnided and alone. Christmas

near the girl's side. "Are they not lovely, Helon?" she asked. realize with an impotent despair that they | bad for us both, seeing so few people? I shall | her daughter's carnest persuasion; she seldom never get well unless I think I am so, and I left Helen now, seeing, as she did, how the

"I don't know what you mean, dear," "I want to begin to really show I am getting well," said Helen. "You know I am, and so I "Helen, dear, don't think of it. You are not

strong enough for anything of the sort." "I am strong enough for that," said Helen, a had only looked on as a general lack of health strange resolve in her voice. "I do want it, mama, and you must let me have my own Helen Fawcett's life had been pleasant al- way. I have been good and obedient so long."

"I will ask Dr. James," began Mrs. Fawcett. her quietness there was a reality in her which | don't, though I am sure he would tell you I | good, it would have been less hard to die, but gave charm to her brightness and refinement, might; but I want my own way. Indeed, I her love had been vain and useless as will be careful."

"Whom would you like asked?" Helen named three or four people, then pansed for a moment, as reflecting. "We want a young man," she said, "Le me have the address book, mamma. We will Mrs. Fawcett and her daughter were driving | have the first we come to. 'A.' No; there is "I don't know if he is in town," said Mrs.

Mr. Beatoun was in town, and accepted. The fitful fire which had flickered up in Helen's dying lamp of life for the previous many people have gone. I'm off myself next | week burnt brightly enough to deceive most of small dinner party, which to the hostess seemed oon," said Mrs. Fawcett. " Helen is not very like a ghostly memory of such parties in the strong, and we are trying to fix on some very past. Excitement, nervousness, and the fever do want to see him once more, only once quiet, mild place where I can nurse her up— of her disease gave Helen that night a vivid-somewhere in the West of England, I think." ness she had never had in health. Paul Beaof her disease gave Helen that night a vivid- more.' toun was struck when he saw her by the strange beauty of her eyes, the brightness of was one of those which have the dangerous | her face and talk. He took her down to dincharm of expressing an earnest interest which | ner, and they seemed to drift back into memthe speaker may or may not feel, and his eyes ories of different times when they had met. sought the girl's face as he spoke, with a cer- A new sympathy sprang up between them, a tain tenderness in the keenness of their glance. personal nearness Helen had never felt before. Later on in the evening, they were talking

> promise.
>
> "" Do you know that statuette by him mother has in the boudoir?" Helen asked Mr. Bea-"No; I should like to see it. Would you

Six months ago she would never have dared to use the transparent ruse, far less avail herself of its success, for fear both of his perceiving it, and of other people doing so; she was carcless of all this to-night, or rather she had cruel as the words were, in spite of the interest, | nerved herself to gain one object at all costs. She rose, saying to her mother, "I am going last sentence. She looked at the clear-cut face | to show Mr. Beatonn the Fate," and went into

"I wish he had had time to work at the large statue," she said; "it would have been very

"This is fine," the young man answered, gazing at the figure, only the small rough model he never would have cared for her. All this | for the statue that would never now live in "He told us it was only a study," she said.

"He wanted to do a group from that chorus in the 'Atalanta.' " "Love between Fate and Death-yes," he said musingly. He looked at the girl by him, and some strange sadness in her eyes struck him like the sudden touch of a cold wind. A hansome enough, this young man of whom looking at her, perceived, with a certain shock, ed, the paper it had touched.

Some note of pathos in the sweet voice, some unconscious appeal in the eyes, touched the he said earnestly, leaning toward her. There was that in his look which some time earlier would have seemed to her as the vision of a possible beaven, and even now it struck a quick gladness through her, though there was no longer any hope.

"You know I am very ill," she said at last. "You have been, but you are better now, are "I am dying." And then she told him all;

He looked at her with a strange sorrow and astonishment. "It can't be true," he said. "It is too horrible!"

"No," she said, "I don't think I fear now." Then there was a long silence. "If I could help you!" he said at last, in a choked voice. "How can you be so brave?" "I am not brave," she answered. "I was frightened at first-oh, you don't know!" and arms and bitter tears was so strong she felt she | She never went to any gayety without the | she gave a long shivering sigh at the memory vague, subtle hope "he may be there," or the of her dark hours. "But somehow now the dreary certainty "he will not." Without him | dread seems to have died; I pray it may not come back. There is one thing "-

"What?" "I can't bear to be forgotten," she said, with a cry in her voice. "All the people I have known, the life that has been so pleasant, it will all go on when I am dead, and no one will ever think of me again. I want to be remembered, not only by my friends who knew me, but by people like you, whose lives have only just touched mine, but helped to make it

"I shall never forget you," he answered, with a quiver in his tone; this man who had not once remembered her from the day they or four days ago, when he had received Mrs. Fawcett's note asking him to dinner.

for his thought of her-" to just think of me new and then, and so I want to give you some- writer, there have been omitted, almost enthat will remind you sometimes for a mo-

full sense of all her love seemed to crowd on the distribution of their products. Regrets

you do not know how dearly. But I should not | west of the Mississippi, as follows: need it to remember you; you cannot think

"Thank you," she answered. She gave him her hand with a quick impulse she regretted the moment after; he put it to his lips, a hot tear fell on it, which Helen started to feel. "He did care a little," she thought as she laid her tired head on its pillow that night,

and he will not quite forget me-always." Helen was asleep when Mr. Beatonn called two days later, and she did not see him again through the dark December days. If she had known the truth she would have learned be holding it nestled against her check. It had traiter colors which might have been taken for think he misinterpreted her request. He wonlonged to come, but did not, for fear she should many a time bean clasped close to her heart "beauty's ensign," but which were in truth the dered once, indeed, if this girl, whom he had always liked, but who had never till the other and so long that she knew every faintest and her mother, part of the change. But she was night made his pulses beat more quickly, had given him any thought of her heart. The very frankness of her wish proved her innocent and as lightly, but treasured as some faint type or | ways, she realized how short her span of life | worthy of far better love than his; had he unmemory of the one who seemed to Helen Faw- was growing. She had looked death so steadily wittingly done her the wrong of teaching her there; with a start she replaced her treasure in Paul Bestone's face filled her dreams by night, without thinking if that which it rests on be all her life had been his, though he did not ask her if even now it were too late, and then "Well, dear, why did you rush away? Were know it, and he would never think of her-she he told himself that it would be an insult to you so frightened? You see you needn't have was nothing to him! She told herself she did her confidence in him, to let this be the end, to been. You are to rest and not trouble, and get not wish to be first with him, but she wanted read her wish thus. But, if she had cared for to be in his life, not to fade atterly into the him, why was her feeling for him only to work * Yes," said the poor mother, not hearing the So an idea came to her, repulsed at first yet | world, where spirits can read each other's eyes, | nett, N. Y. her pain? If Helen had mot him in another and under ring in her daughter's voice, and returning ever and again, each time more he would have known that her love had been "He could never guess the truth," she thought, Miriam asked him what he had gained worth his lost riches of happiness and careless free-She was lying on the sofa one chill Novem- dom from thought, "This burning pain in my

Through December Helen's strength failed voice as she now entered the room with a large | Eve had come, the quiet afternoon was stealing bowl of violets, which she placed on a table | into dusk, and the gas lamps shows outside through the misty frostiness of the air, as Helen, leaning back on the sofa, laid down her Helen roused herself. "Yes," she said. pen on the table near her with a sigh of fatigue. her, her mother, who knew and loved it well. Mrs. Fawcett looked both surprised and Helen had chosen her brief solitude to write the note which accompanied a small brown paper package:

DEAR MR. BEATOUN: I ask you and others of my friends to keep a small thing which might bring me now and then to remembrance, and I don't know how much longer I have to live-it can only be a very short time—so I send it now as a Christmas present, a greeting and a good-by. Sincerely yours, HELEN FAWCETT. She folded and inclosed it, then suddenly her head dropped on her hands with one long | after the curlain falls on the third act.',

The longing she had had to do this thing ways; but these last two years she had loved | She went to her mother and took her head | was appeared, her prayer to Love, her lord, | 'em back again."

OUT OF THE DEEPS, it so much, had clung to it so eagerly, had found sweetness in the aspects of it, which she had not been used to care for. Mrs. Fawcett she in a caressing, playful manner to hide the real carnestness that possessed her. "Do, Madre," so feeble, seemed to gather itself into one passionate struggle against that cold tide of death, that wondered why her once rather shy and wondered why her once rather shy and she implored. "You know, if I do not feel the solution of the same of the seemed to gather itself into one passionate struggle against that cold tide of death, the she implored. "You know, if I do not feel the solution of the same of the s reserved daughter had grown so fond of society | well enough, I need not come down. But I | creeping up over higher round her to drag her down from the life which was his whom she loved, which would still be his when she was Helen made a face. "No," she said; "please | dead. If she could have done him ever so little her life. Out of the deeps of her love and her pain, and the awful shadow of death there had come that pitiful cry not to be wholly forgotten when she was dead, which had found expression in her poor little gift to Paul Beatoun. Out of the deeps now came the impotent voice pleading for help where help there could be in the afternoon. Mrs. Fawcett had gone into | no 'A,' except young Arbuthnot, and he is | none, but from that darkness and that lonelione or two shops, while Helen remained in the away with his people. 'B.' Yes; here is Mr. ness of agony was uttered also a tenderer and intenser desire-"Oh, that he shall be happy, that his life shall be sweet and noble to the

end, that he may fulfil himself." The cold, short note she had written to Mr. Beatonn showed nothing of this, any more than it said the framed sketch sent with it was the one on which Helen's eyes had best loved Mrs. Fawcett's guests on the evening of the | to dwell, so that she liked to think his would rest on it, or that it told the unuttered thought, "Will he come here to say he has had it? I

The days dragged on, but brought no answer. Mrs. Fawcett knew nothing of her child's Christmas gift; she never learned of the weary, wistful waiting of those days, of the question which filled the girl's heart, " Has he guessed, and despises me, so that he will not answer?" She struggled to appear better than she was, in the dread of not being able to see him if he came, but the poor effort had to be given up, and she could no longer come down stairs, and of an artist just dead, a young sculptor of the rooms which had once been so bright with her presence seemed to her mother silent and lonely with the silence of death itself knowing, as she did too surely, Helen would never enter

> whole house this evening, the last of the year, as Mrs. Fawcett went up to Helen's room, where the girl lay, a strange shining in her eyes, a fixed color on her cheeks. "I don't like to leave you, dear," Mrs. Fawcett said, "but would you miss me if I go round to the evening service? I shall only be

There was this dreariness lingering over the

"Do go," the girl answered faintly. "Pray for a happy New Year, dear-for us all." The mother could not speak, the choking tears were too near her eyes; she only bent

down to kiss the thin cheek. So Helen was left alone, her eyes gazing into the red depths of the fire, an aching passionate bitterness of regret and shame in her heart. Why had he never answered? Had he read the reason of her request—that the reason she wished him to hold her memory was that she | The distance that separates this world from the loved him with a love as strong as death?

"A letter, Miss Helen." She knew the handwriting, seldom as she had seen it. She would not open it before the dreamy melody, that was being played in the quick, curious eyes of the maid who had drawing-room, came softened to their ears; the | brought it to her, but her hand kept it close as town; but Mrs. Fawcett was far too engrossed only light in the room was a crimson glass with a secret caress, till the servant had left with the one thought of Helen to think of lamp, that shed a hectic glow over Helen's face the room, then she opened it slowly with a only light in the room was a crimson glass | with a secret caress, till the servant had left doing so. He was charming and clever and and her dress of misty white. Paul Beatoun, tenderness for the seal his hand had impress-

DEAR MISS FAWCETT: I am only just back from my father's in Warwickshire, where I have been "Mr. Beatoun," she said, suddenly and sim- for Christmas, and found your note and sketch she could not know that when Helen was once | ply, "I wonder if you would understand a wish | awaiting me here. What you must think of my never having thanked you, I am afraid to think. I will not take the sad meaning of the gift, for I believe and hope you will live to gladden us. I am writing this hurriedly, with the wish that this may young man to a vague new feeling. "Try me," be a glad New Year to you-as glad as it will be to watchman left the office with door open.

me if I see you win back health. May I come and see you to-morrow? If I do, I hope I shall find you better than when we said good-by last, Yours ever,

She knew there was no New Year for her, yet life held some gladness for her still; the hope of his voice, his eyes, the touch of his hand, and she went to sleep that night, a happy hope in her heart.

But that hope was never realized. When Paul Beatoun called, she was far too ill to see him, hemorrhage had come on, and the frail life had no power to resist it. A few more days and Helen was dead, her secret still her own, though balf divined, with a reverent tenderness and sadness, by the man who had so unconsciously possessed her life.

Had she sinued against the sweet instinct of maidenliness in her desire that her memory man she loved? or may one judge gently her and commercial paper valued at \$4,000, which nians, waged most desperate warfare in defense and moral from the writing. I want no better piteous device that when his eyes fell on the sketch she gave him it might wake a faint remembrance of herself? Her judgment and her plea are written in the same words-she loved Paul Beatoun,-

The Discontent of the Farmer.

[The Century.] A philosophical view of the subject, in all its bearings, is by no means disheartening to farmers. The depression from low prices,

which intensified and brought to light the extent and variety of discouragements realized. is mainly over for the present. Generally the had bidden good-by in Bond street, till three | farmer is prosperous, though he certainly fails to secure his full share in the rewards of his productive labor. He is entitled to fair con-"Yes," she said, "you will, but I wish you and other people"—she felt ashamed in her soul of that falsehood, knowing she only cared of Government.

In analysis of material coming before the thing, a book or sketch, which has been mine, tirely, the views of many of the most progressive, enterprising, and influential of the rural class, presenting as the most serious She looked at his face with a sudden terror grievance the absence of effort to find remedies lest her words should have told any hint of her | for existing ills in practical improvement in secret to him. Oh! how she loved him! The farm management, in co-operation to control her at that moment with shame lest he should | have been expressed that the personal equation read it. She wished she had never asked him | in this problem of rural reform has been omitted. Two quotations will indicate the views "If you will!" he said. "I shall value it- presented, both from the Southern States, one

> A somewhat extended experience in practical agriculture of the State and good opportunities for observation lead me to assert that farming, industriously and intelligently followed, offers as good inducements for the capital, labor and skill expended as does any other calling in the State.

The other from the Atlantic Coast: No real practical efforts are made for relief. All the complaints made and all remedies proposed are political. Many of the former are abourd, and most of the latter will prove fulle. We need smaller farms, more work, more knowledge and less grumbling. What can be done on small tracts highly fertilized should be brought home to the people, so that the inexperienced may imitate, even before they know the reason why.

The farmers of the United States live under better conditions for progress in their art-a high standard of living, advance in personal culture and soil improvement, and pecuniary independence-than those of any other country. Aspirations for higher improvement, equitable sharing in the results of productive in the face now, that it seemed the dreadful to care for him? He was not worth the love zenship have been aroused. With wisdom in conntenance grew gentler; the old mad fear had of a girl like her, he thought, but he knew that action for political recognition, for advance in economic education, for co-operation and selfhelp and for the increase of practical skill and pecuniary profit, the result of this crusade will be highly beneficial to the farmers of the United States.

The 75th N. Y. EDITOR NATIONAL TEIBUNE: Give a brief history of the 75th N. Y .- WILLARD CASE, Sen-

[This regiment-Col. John A. Dodge-was organized at Auburn, received its numerical designation Nov. 14, 1861, and nine compa- The Legation attributes the Yang-tse-kiang nies strong was mustered into the service of the United States for three years Nov. 26. The men were recruited principally in the Counties of Cayuga and Seneca. In April, 1864, a new company (K) was organized to take the place of one consolidated with the other companies April 10. The men entitled to discharge at the expiration of term of service were ordered to Auburn, and there discharged Dec. 7, 1864. The regiment was continued in service and consolidated into five companies; the 31st Independent Company of Infantry joined as Co. The regiment participated in about 48 en-Mother, darling, do you know I thing it is Mrs. Fawcett had gone out for a short drive at gagements and operations, principally in Florida, Louisiana, and Virginia. During its service it lost three officers, 92 enlisted men killed and died of wounds; died of disease and other causes, four officers and 201 enlisted men. Its record was a noble one, and it was gallantly led .- EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

> Fragrant Flowers. [Street & Smith's Good News.] Florist-Here, take this cart load of flowers to the Highstyle Opera House. New Man-Yessir. What shall I-"Unload 'em at the front entrance, and give

"Yessir." "Then reload 'em at the stage door and bring

He Addressed His Brothers on the Eve of Important Dispatches Received, but Nothing is

Following is a translation of the letter written by Balmaceda, late President of the text, it was written in the house in which he | been received from Minister Egan, but so far was secreted and on the eve of his suicide. He | it has been impossible to get the least informagives a vivid description of the perils by tion of their contents. The Provisional Govto which his former followers were subjected, present situation, has ceased to exist, as on Satand states in simple but moving language that | urday, Dec. 26, Capt. Moutt, the recently elected escape intolerable humiliation for himself and to mitigate the sufferings of his friends. The | It is probable that the new Minister of Foreign letter found its way to Buenes Ayres, and was Affairs will pursue a different policy toward published there in a leading paper, El Sud | this country than his predecessor. America, on Nov. 7, last. The letter runs as follows:

dered the constitutional authority conferred upon me by the people of Chile, I find it necessary to contemplate the situation that confronts me. I can no longer avail myself of the asylum which has been furnished by my generous protectors; at least, I cannot without compromising them. Already it is more than suspected where I am, and at any moment my enemies may bring upon this house a tragedy which will do irreparable harm to those who shelter me. I could escape. But I cannot bring myself to do anything ridiculous or undignified. Once I thought of delivering my-self to the Junta, but I have abandoned that idea also. They would respect nothing. I should be simply plunging myself into unspeakable and yet unmerited humiliation. Nevertheless, I reaiize that the implacable persecution directed against all who have served and followed me is inspired by hatred of myself; and, since I cannot protect them in this general catastrophe, I must do the only thing possible in their behalf-give up my life. That sacrifice will ameliorate their sufferings, and it will at the same time save my family from the misery of seeing me dragged along that wia crucis which my furious enemies are preparing for me. I have kept secret the resolution that I

our name illustrious, could not permit it to be de-filed by the rabble that persecutes us. There are emergencies in which self-immolation is the only alternative open to a gentleman. sent the letters through Uriburo to Lillo in order that the latter might publish it immediately. It will constitute an historical document and must circulate in America and in Europe, so as to explain my situation and vindicate my acts. Do not fail to have it published, and thus invoke the verdict of the civilized world. I have asked Julia Sanados to write the history of my administration. It will be necessary for you to co-operate in this.

impart to you, but I have written some letters.

Remember, in judging me, that I, who have made

I teil Emilia [his wife] to supply any funds that may be required. As for the fate I have chosen for myself, I go to meet it with a tranquil heart. I am sure that by this sacrifice I shall scenre some mitigation of the truelties and the outrages that are visited on my family, and some relaxation of the sufferings that care of my children and live in affection together. next is less than we imagine. We shall see each other again, freed from the pains and woes that sgonize us now. Always care for our mother, and always keep in grateful memory those who were

J. M. BALMACEDA. Yours, forever. A Watchman Gagged and Bound by Robbers.

Four masked burglars committed one of the most daring robberies at West Manyunk, Pa., coming means that the Army will take a hand on Sunday morning, Dec. 27, that ever hap- in the settlement of the difficulties. There is blows can be dealt effectively. But few stilettes, pened in that part of the country. They en- great activity in certain Bureaus of the War which are round and pointed, and are us tered the office of the Ashland Paper Mills | Department, and it is understood that the offi-Company, seriously assaulted the watchman, ciais are preparing to be in a position to meet whom they gagged and bound, blew open the any contingency which may arise in the Chilsafe and rifled it of its contents, and then made | ean situation. Officials, however, will not talk, their escape, leaving the watchman uncon- and a great deal of the news which appear in scious. A few minutes before the robbery the the daily papers of the country is mere con-

went to the coal bin a few yards distant hod of coal. While he was absent four men entered the office and secreted themselves, and when the company's guardian returned he was seized from behind and ordered to stand still, A rope was then thrown at him, which he dodged, he being under the impression that lished Spanish authority in Peru, and had friends were playing a joke on him, and when | begun the mingling of the Spanish with the he pushed the hands of the robbers away the native Indian races for the formation of the second time when they tried to put the rope | Spanish-American race of the future, the over his head he was struck a powerful blow masters of Peru began to look southward to tenement in which they were will be found dion the head, and fell bleeding to the floor in- the long and narrow strip that is now Chile. sensible. When he regained consciousness he | Before the Spaniard came to Peru Chile had was bound and gagged, and the burglars were | owed a nominal allegiance to the native Incas rifling the safe. The watchman was so dazed of Peru; but this allegiance was so slight by his injuries that he was unable to give an that in the first half of the 16th century the tools used were stolen from a blacksmith of the southern tribes submitted readily, but, moral teachings are such as makes impression, should be something more than a cipher to the shop near by. The safe contained \$70 in cash at least two, the Purumancians and the Aranca- and one can almost read the person, view, will be of no use to them.

The Canadian Cabinet Scandal,

Excitement still reigns in Montreal, Canada, over the dismissal of the Cabinet by Lieut.-Gov. Angers on the report of Judges Jetty, Baby and Davidson. These Judges, forming a royal commission, have been investigating charges that Mercier and his Government had received \$100,000 from Contractor Armstrong for the sale of the Baies des Chaleurs Railway. This amount was said to have been divided between the Members of the Cabinet. The commission found that the most shameful condition of affairs had existed. In tracing up a deficit of over \$2,000,000 it was discovered that for the past four years Phillip Vallieres, who indorsed Editor Pacaud's and Minister Mercier's notes in the Baies des Chaleurs scandal, had a private contract with the Government, by the terms of which he furnished all the public buildings in the province with everything in the way of furniture, but no price was stipulated-no limit made. Of this he took great advantage. However, the people are not on the side of the Lieutenant-Governor and the new Ministers. All the members of the Tory Cabinet recently called to office arrived from Quebec, The Tory papers had been appealing to their friends for several days back to give the Ministers a big reception, and brass bands were engaged, but the reception turned out a dead failure. The Ministers were hissed as they passed through the streets, and had great difficulty in obtaining a hearing.

Burial of Senator Plumb,

The final ceremonies over the remains of Senator Plumb were conducted in Emporia, Kan., Dec. 24. The body was watched the last night by a squad of 11th Kan. Cav. veterans. Private services were held in the morning at the house. By I o'clock hundreds of the late Senator's friends had arrived from out of town. The public ceremonies were held in the Congregational Church, whither the body was escorted by the Knights Templars, Emporia Commandery. The sermon was by Dr. Richard Cordley. It opened with a brief review of the dead Senator's career, showing how step by step he had climbed the ladder of fame. His brilliant Scuatorial record was discussed and his untiring energy recounted. Incidents of Senator Plumb's attention to small things and promptness of action were cited to show the secret of success. No man loved his home more than Mr. Plumb. Though he constantly tended to so large a circle of intense and divine interests, there was a center in his life where his interest and warmest affection dweit. When the great funeral procession reached Maplewood Cemetery the Grand Army service was read over the body in an impressive manner by Department Commander McCarthy, assisted by Department Chaplain N. E. Harmon, after which the remains were lowered into the grave with the usual ceremonies.

The Chinese Troubles. To satisfy Europe in connection with recent anti-foreign riots in China, the Chinese Legation at Paris has published an account of the measures taken by the Chinese Government. outrages to the Kolao, a secret society. Indemnities amounting to £100,000 sterling have been paid to missions and to the families of men who were killed.

The rising in Mongolia recently is described as quite a distinct affair, having no religious basis, but being animated merely by a desire for plunder. A dispatch from Singapore says that official advices from Peking report severe fighting with the rebels from Dec. 3 to Dec. 7, in which 2,000 rebels were killed and 50 leaders beheaded.

> Where He Should Have Been, [Argonaul.]

A clergyman, not long since, observed a horse ockey trying to take in a simple gentleman by mposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson, taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the jockey quite nottled, observed:

than to see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way," "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you 'em to the ushers to present to the prima donna might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

There is wonderful activity in naval circles

To my Brothers, Jose Maria, Elias, Rafael, and fitted out for sea service at the various Navy-MY DEAR BROTHERS: Now that I have surrenhave the force now employed at the gun shop at the Washington Navy-yard work extra hours from this time until further orders. Most of this extra work will be done in the shop which makes projectiles and other ammunition for the mation.

An ominous silence is maintained in official

circles regarding the news from Chile. Every-

signed, and a new one will shortly be appointed.

big guns. There appears to be less hope for the amicable settlement of the troubles between the two The Occupants of One of New York's "Tough" nations than there was a month ago. Recent demonstrations at Santiago against the American Legation have presumably increased the uneasiness, and have not tended to molify Prosident Harrison and his advisors. When the news of the outrage on the sailors of the Baltimore first reached Gen. Harrison he was very angry, and he felt that an insuit had been given the American Government, and he was at first disposed to uphold the dignity of the United States by immediate and harsh methods, but after discussing the situation with several of his Cabinet and Gen. John W. Foster, a more temperate demand was made for an explanation than he at first intended. Our Government has been disposed to think all along through the negotiations that Chile was not disposed to act fair in the investigation of the triffe more vindictive material for the propaoutrage, and the whole examination of the I have written to Vicuna and to Banados, and | Chilean Judge of Crimes seems to have been an ex-parte affair.

There is no abatement of work in the Navy Department, and the ships already in commis- that there are packed as closely as it is possible sion and those under orders are most theroughly equipped for active warfare. Those in the section. Two rooms are often considered preparing to put to sea are being flitted out with more than an ordinary amount of ammunition and projectiles, and there seems to be an intention to mobilize a formidable fleet in Chilean of concealed weapons and the using of them waters. The conviction seems to be general that it now rests entirly with Chile to prevent war. Unless this flovernment is greatly deceived, the Chilean officials are trying to gain my friends have been called upon to endure. Take time for El Capitan Pratt (the new man-ofwar for that country now building in France) to be completed and equipped for active service. This vessel properly manned and equipped, it is thought, would be more than a match for any vessel in our Navy, and perhaps for any in his weapon; that it shall be effective. He

The fact that Gen. Nelson A. Miles has been ordered from Chicago to Washington at this As a class, the Italians prefer a keen-edged time has created considerable excitement in Army circles at the Capital, as it is thought his jecture. Still the situation is considered very grave by persons competent to judge.

Chile and the Chileans,

The Spanish civilization of Chile is an offspring of that of Peru. After the Spanish adventurer Pizurro and his followers had estab-

which culminated finally in independence. But | Cal.

it was not until 1818 that the independence of the country was finally gained. This war of independence was most bitter and bloody. The spaniards have quite a reputation for crucity; and in the conduct of a war the Chileans are certainly not behind them. From 1864 to 1871 Republic of Chile. As will appear from the body concedes that important dispatches have Chile was at war with Spain on account of Porn, which Spain was trying to hold in submission. A Spanish fleet blockaded the Chilean coast, and Valparaiso was hombarded. The which he is environed and of the persecutions | erument of Chile, which is responsible for the | Chileans, however, made a good defense of their coasts, and in a memorable naval engagement in 1864 a Chilean gunboat bearing the famous he has resolved to sacrifice his life in order to | President was inaugurated, the old Cabinet re- name of Esmeralda captured the Spanish manof-man Covadonga. The more recent was with Peru is still remembered for the bravery and cruelty of the Chilean soldiers, who rarely gave quarter, and for the complete defeat of the Peruvians. Perhaps it is not to be wondered in the United States, and war ships are being at that the Chileans think themselves invincible, since they have been fighting a good part yards. Besides this, orders have been issued to of their time, and have generally more than held their own. That they rate the power and valor of the people of the United States at so little shows that their frequent wars have hindered the progress of education and infor-

IN "LITTLE ITALY."

There are more Italiana in New York than in any other city in the country. There is a certain quarter in that place, in Harlem, which is colonized by Italians exclusively, and is called "Little Italy." These people, mostly of the lowest classes, have made a city to themselves. They have their own church and their own pospital, their own undertaker, and several bankers, all Italians. Fruit-stands, small groceries, and shoe-shops abound. The few jewelry stores show in their windows those big.

gaudy gold brooches and carrings never worn except by Italians, There are plenty of saloons. The population of "Little Italy" is composed mostly of Neapolitans, with enough Corsicans and Sicilians to leaven the mass and furnish a gation and perpetuation of feuds. There are also a good many Romans, Florentines, Tuscans, and Genoese, all of whom hold themselves above the Neapolitans. It is estimated for human beings to live about 10,000 Italians ample shelter for a dozen or so persons, There is always work for the police in "Little Italy." The chief trouble is the carrying

on the slightest provocation. Drunkenness is not often recorded among them, as light wines are their beverages. The clannishness of the Italians, the squalor and fifth in which they seem to thrive, and their secretiveness, have made them the most undesirable of neighbors, while their quick resort to weapons has made them feared, if not respected. The Italian requires but one quality

chooses, therefore, revolvers of large caliber and knives and daggers of formidable proportions. weapon that will do its work silently. Consequently most of them carry knives or daggers, They profer a weapon with which slashing only for stabbing, can therefore be found among the hundreds of knives taken from Italian prisoners by the police. The vendetta has been imported to Little

Italy by the Italians along with their other many feuds in Harlem which had their origin in Italy. But quick as the Italians are to resort to weapons, their deadly affrays are confined mainly among themselves, and their colonies are not very dangerous to visit. The Italians are so clannish that the natives rom one district in Italy do not care to live in

the same house with those from another. In the big tenements they occupy there used to be inside and outside doors. The Italians do not vested of its vestibule door.

Compliments for the Paper, EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I like to read it, as the paper contains good, sound news, and accurate description of the thieves, and as yet | the Spaniards of Peru were forced to war in | its editorial columns abound in instructive and there is no clue to follow in hunting them, as order to extend their sway southward. Some appreciative expressions. The reflection of its of their territories. Some idea of the desperate study of human nature than the writings convalor of these native tribes may be inferred tained in The National Tribune, as they from the fact that, while the conflicts of the bring the parties into your presence, and al-Spaniards with them began in the middle of most can read their thoughts. There is much the 16th century, they were not entirely over to please, amuse, and learn therefrom, and is, in 1869, or the latter part of the 19th century. | on the whole, instructive. Of course, there is Some of the earlier wars were disastrons to matter that once in awhile, through the exalted the Spaniards, who were forced more than position of the party or the desire of the indionce to fall back upon Peru for rest and rein- vidual to get his thoughts in print, I feel the Editor has to allow to appear, from which an It seems not at all improbable that the fierce- impartial reader can always define the motive; ness and martial arder of the Chileans of to-day | and even in those instances our comradeship is may be due quite as much to the admixture of such that the mantle of charity is of sufficient fierce native blood as to the qualities inherited | length and width, as President Lincoln said to from the Spanish adventurers who landed in | Gen. Sickles after Vicksburg, "to go all Peru with Pizarro and after his conquest had around," and cover any faults of the dead or been made. The Spaniards governed the countries I will do my try until 1810. Then began the revelution share for the paper. - JNO. RYAN, Las Cruces,

SAFETY BICYCLE

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Best Machine Made for Both Boys and Girls. Free to Club Raisers, or for Sale at Cut Price.



This machine, called the Junior Safety, is built to correspond in size with the 36 to 46 inch size of the ordinary Bicycle. The Wheels are 24 inches in diameter, have molded rubber tires 1-inch to hind or drive wheel, and 1-inch to front wheel; both front and hind wheels run on hardened steel cones, with large bearing surfaces, adjustable for wear.

Experience shows and teaches that these bearings will outwear any other kind of bearing. The Spokes are made of No. 11 special steel wire, with both ends enlarged for strength. The Frame is of a shape best adapted to withstand the severe strain which these small machines have to endure. The main parts are of tubular section, with the Forks made semi-hollow-a combination that is at once strong, light, and pleasing to the eve. Strong braces are provided to still further strengthen and combine the different parts. Steel Dust Shields cover front and hind wheels. The Driving Axle runs in a long parallel bearing, adjustable for wear. The Sprocket Wheels are of large diameter; permitting the Chain to run freely and with less stmia. A detachable Links Chain of standard size, being best suited for this purpose, is used on these machines. Pedals are adjustable and parallel, with corrugated Rubbers. Rubber Foot Rests are provided on the front Forks. The Steel Handle-Bar is adjustable in hight, is of good length, with the ends bent backward and outward to bring the handles in the most comfortable position. An efficient Brake is applied to the front wheel. The Saddle is of the hammock pattern of improved shape, and is stretched on a set of Elastic Wire Springs which, from their peculiar form, have a tendency to keep the leather taut at all times. They can be adjusted to suit the weight of rider. The Satisfie is supported by an 7 Seat Rod, which allows it to be adjusted in hight, as well as forward and back. All oil holes are covered, and great care has been taken to make all bear-

ings practically dust proof. Has Vulcanite Handles. A neat and convenient Tool Bag, containing Oil Can and Steel Wrench, and Spring

Lamp Bracket are furnished with each machine. The Finish is most excellent, the frame of same being enameled, with several conts of the finest enamel baked on a polished surface. All trimmings are nickel-plated. "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach This machine is shipped by freight or express to any address, as the parchaser may

desire, for \$22.50. Sent as a premium for a club of 10 yearly sub-cribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE and \$20 in money, or for a club of 20 subscribers at \$1 each and \$17.50 added. For a club of 100 to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE we give this splendid machine abso-Intely free. In getting up a club, send in the names as first as you get them, and they will be placed to your credit. This machine will last for years, and we expect to send hun-"In the State prison," returned the clergy-

dreds of them before the season is over to friends who will go to work getting no clubs. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.